



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

#### The Physician's Fee.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

##### CHAPTER I.

'MOTHER, you are unwell?' and the daughter looked up from the work on which she had, for the last half hour, been busily and silently engaged. Her mother had been similarly employed; but her work, some unfinished muslin, was lying on her lap, while her head rested upon her hand, as if she were in deep thought.

'Mother, are you unwell? you look pale.'

'No my child,' replied the mother, in a sad, calm tone, more sorrowful than it was her wont. The daughter put aside her work and took her parent's hand, gazing, with a troubled look, into her face. A tear glistened in the eye of Mrs. Lemand, at this delicate though forcible demonstration of filial affection.

'Ellen,' said she, as she drew her child to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead, 'sixteen years ago, this evening, your father bent affectionately over my sick couch, to gaze upon his first born—his daughter—yourself, my dear child! and twelve years ago, this same evening, I bent over his sick couch. The angel of death was there also, and I became a widow! The tears of the mother and daughter were mingled.'

Mr. and Mrs. Lemand were of English birth. They were married in their native land; but soon after, left for this country. They were not, by any means, rich, but enjoyed a comfortable independence. Mr. Lemand came over as agent for a house in Liverpool, and resided in New-York. Here Ellen was born. After a residence of about five years in New-York, the house in which Mr. Lemand was engaged became bankrupt. A few fragments were all that he was enabled to save from the wreck; and, broken in spirits, poor in health, Mr. L. was left to struggle along in a strange land as best he could. For

two years he strove to regain the footing he had lost; but he only 'wrestled with air.' He was taken sick, and soon died, leaving his wife and child a slender stock to support them in the rough journey of life.

Mrs. Lemand had no friends in England to whom she could appeal in her extremity. She had rich relations, or rather an uncle; but she never had any intercourse with him, and probably her existence was entirely unknown to him—at best uncared for. She soon found her little stock running low, and she began to cast about for means of support. She was not one of those who sit down in idleness, repining at her lot, and murmuring at the decrees of Providence. She had faith in the 'promises,' and her heart had a leaning place of which the world knew not. Being expert with her needle, she made application among her few acquaintances for needle work, and by constant industry was enabled to keep want from the door, and bestow upon her daughter that education, which, in adversity or prosperity, is alike a blessing. Ellen grew up all a fond mother's heart could desire. She early made herself useful, and soon the united efforts of the mother and daughter allowed them to add some of the luxuries to the necessities of life. Their dwelling was retired from the noise and bustle of the city. It was an humble though pleasant abode. The hand of taste was visible in all that appertained to it. The rooms were plainly, though neatly and comfortably furnished, and contentment, if not happiness, reigned there. Such was the situation of affairs on the evening when our story commenced.

It was the anniversary of her daughter's birth, as well as of her husband's death. No wonder the brow of the mother was shaded. The graves of buried hopes were re-opened; the fountains of memory loosed. It was the resurrection hour of departed joys. She thought of the trials she had passed through—of her far off home, where, in childhood she was blest with a mother's love, and a father's care, and a sister's companionship—of her lost partner. All these came thronging on

her thoughts—the white and the dark spots—the shadows and sunbeams of life. No wonder the tear-drop stood in her eye. Again and again she pressed her child to her bosom; for she was the only earthly treasure that remained to her—the sole link that chained her affections to this world.

'May thy path through life be less thorny than thy mother's, Ellen! Nevertheless, not my will be done!' As she gave utterance to this humble reliance, her eye brightened, and the shadows lifted from her spirits, and the wonted smile of content again lit up her countenance.

We said that by their industry they were enabled to add some of the luxuries to the necessities of life. This was true for a time, when prosperity smiled on the country. But dark shadows began to creep over the land. The tide of fortune was suddenly checked, and began to recede. Retrenchment became the order of the day. Superfluities were discarded, and the closest economy was studied. Many persons were, consequently, thrown out of employ, and distress began to pervade the poorer classes. Mrs. Lemand escaped not the general doom. Day after day, she found less employment for her needle. Many of those who furnished her with work were obliged to inform her that they had no more to offer; and those who continued to afford employment were so uncertain in their calls upon her, that she barely earned enough to supply the simplest necessities of life. Mrs. L. viewed the dark cloud settling over her late sunny prospects with an anxious eye. Winter was approaching. The times became more and more pressing. The inclement season called for new outlays. How were these demands on her purse to be met? Even by the most pinching economy, she barely received enough to live from day to day. She found it necessary, at last, to dispose of household articles, from time to time, at a great sacrifice, to procure the means of subsistence. It is a dreadful condition for a female, brought up in independence, to be thus situated. Alas! how many have been thus placed—been thus doomed to witness

the gradual wasting away of their little property, to satisfy the calls of hunger—or what is nearly as imperative, the urgent solicitations of an icy-hearted creditor! To this extremity was Mrs. L. reduced. Article after article disappeared, until she retained scarcely enough for her limited use. And how did Ellen bear this reverse? Like the daughter of such a mother! More anxious on her parent's account than on her own, she did all that one could do, in her situation, to sustain her, and to alleviate her sufferings. A murmuring word never escaped her lips. Often, when their board was reduced so low as to afford hardly sufficient to satisfy one person—often would Ellen plead indisposition, that her mother might not divide the slender stock although the pangs of hunger were gnawing within her. Notwithstanding this self-sacrifice, she was doomed to see her beloved parent gradually sink under the troubles that surrounded her.

As poverty came upon them, they were obliged to leave the comfortable roof that sheltered them, and take up their abode in the second story of a miserable tenement, in an obscure and unhealthy part of the city. Cut off from their former employment, they were obliged to have recourse to such work as they could procure. They now depended on the slender pay received for washing clothes for the boarders of a neighboring hotel. The burden of this fell on Ellen, for her mother's health and strength had become so reduced, she was only able to render very slight assistance. Ellen faltered not. She prosecuted her work with an air of cheerfulness, and strove, by every act in her power, to keep up the sinking spirits of her mother. Yet she did not—could not shut her eyes to her parent's gradual failing; and often, when her mother slept would her firmness give way, and the hot tears soak the midnight pillow.

We have refrained from describing the person of Ellen. We have desired that the reader should first become acquainted with her mind, and feel an interest in her, on account of her good qualities, rather than the beauty of her person. Still, Ellen lacked not those external graces, which, if they do not constitute woman's chief charm, still render her an object of greater attention and admiration. In a gay and fashionable assembly she would have shone among the brightest; and yet never did she appear so lovely, as when arrayed in her humble garb, she performed, with a willing heart, those menial services for her mother's support.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was a cold blustering evening in November. A raging north-easterly storm had prevailed through the day and as night shut in, the wind and sleet swept sullenly through the streets, and drearily against the buildings.

The shops were nearly all closed. The lamps shed a dim and flickering light on the slippery pavement, over which, occasionally, some passenger, bending to the blast would hurry on his way. On this evening, emerging from a narrow, dreary-looking street, a young female was seen, struggling along in evident haste. Turning the corner, and passing two or three blocks, she ascended the steps of a large house, before whose door an expiring lamp threw out a few faint gleams. After hesitating a moment, as if to recover herself, she rang the bell. The door was shortly opened by a young man, who hastily inquired her wants.

'Does Doctor Herbert reside here?' was asked, in a timid, irresolute voice.

'My name is Herbert,' was the reply, in a tone that evidently shewed that the speaker was not altogether pleased with the call.

'Can you not visit a lady—a poor woman,' correcting herself—'who is dangerously ill?'

'Will not to-morrow do?' and the young man drew back, casting a significant glance at the driving sleet, as he partly closed the door, will not to-morrow do—I have an engage—'

'For the love of God, sir, do not refuse me!' interrupted the female, in a trembling and beseeching voice—

'My mother is sick—very sick—the distance is short—you shall be paid!'

'Cannot you find some one else, Miss?' said the physician in a more yielding tone.

'O, no, sir! I have been refused by two others. My poor mother I fear is dying. O, sir, if you have a mother you will go with me—if you have not, by her memory I charge you not to slight the orphan's prayer!' And the speaker turned her face full upon the young man. It was very pale, but strikingly beautiful.

Whether the affecting appeal or the lovely countenance influenced the young physician, it matters not; but he hesitated no longer. Hastily throwing on a cloak, he followed the female. Although she said the distance was not great, yet to the young man it seemed interminable. After following her through two or three obscure streets, and as they were plunging down an unlighted and dismal looking alley, he inquired if they had much farther to go.

'This is the house, sir,' said the female, stopping before a mean and shattered tenement, whose crazy frame could hardly withstand the heavy gusts that swept over it.—'Take care of the broken step, sir!'

With this caution he picked his way into the low entry, and followed his conductress up a pair of creaking stairs, prepared to witness a scene of squalid wretchedness. A door was opened, and he was introduced to a dimly lighted room. He started on his entrance. The signs of poverty he surely be-

held; but it was not the poverty of crime and intemperance—the disgusting and revolting exhibition he expected to encounter. There was no appearance of disorder—no unpleasant odor—no filthy floor and dirty sack of straw for a bed—too commonly found in the abodes of want. He gazed about him in astonishment. The scanty furniture was plain, and of the cheapest kind; but every thing was neat and well arranged. A small tallow candle gave light to the room. There was the white pine table, covered with a clean cloth, on which rested a bible; the rush-bottomed chairs—three in number; the well scoured floor, and the neat bed—straw to be sure—but covered with spotless white though coarse sheets, and a plain counterpane. A few smoking embers burnt on the hearth. The physician had but a moment to view the unexpected appearance of the room, as the girl threw off her bonnet and cloak, and knelt by the bedside, displaying in the act a form of perfect symmetry—not the less attractive for being arrayed in garments of the cheapest material.

'Mother, dear mother, the doctor has come to see you!' whispered the kneeling one, in a voice exceedingly sweet and tender.

'Out of my sight, girl! Why follow me forever, like a curse, with your perpetual cry for bread—bread! Drink tears, as I do, and let them satisfy you!' and the sick woman tossed her arms impatiently about.

The physician drew near, while the daughter buried her face in the clothes, sobbing with irrepressible emotion.

'My poor mother!—who never before looked unkindly on me, now drives me from her like a hated thing!'

'Ha! ha! hear the hypocrite!' said the sick woman, in a tone of withering scorn—'sir, beware!' and she partly raised herself in bed, and pointed her emaciated arm towards the weeping girl—'beware of that girl—she will prove a bitter curse to you! I gave her the last mouthful—robbed myself of the sole remaining crust—for what?—to feed a viper! May you never be cursed with an ungrateful child!' and she fell back on the pillow.

'O, sir, she raves,' said the daughter deprecatingly; for two days I have heard only reproaches from one who never before opened her lips but in kindness!'

'You must not heed them, miss,' said the doctor, who had been closely examining the patient; 'it is the effect of disease. Your mother is laboring under a high fever—her senses are disordered, and it is customary for persons in her situation to fancy those their enemies and persecutors, who are most beloved in their lucid state. Be not troubled, therefore—when restored to her right mind, her affections will be unchanged.'



'But will her senses be restored?—is there hope?' said the girl in an anxious tone.

'Your mother is a very sick woman—very; but her case is far from desperate. With proper treatment she may recover, and my services shall not be wanted.'

The daughter thanked him—not with words but in a more expressive language—that of the heart, which the physician read in her glowing face and speaking eyes.

We presume we need not inform the reader that the sick one was Mrs. Lemand. In assisting Ellen to accomplish some work which she had been unexpectedly called upon to perform, she had overtasked her feeble strength and exposed herself. A severe cold ensued, which terminated in a fever. Ellen would immediately have called in a physician, but her mother treated her sickness as a slight matter, preferring rather to suffer than to exhaust their miserable pittance in paying for medical advice. But Mrs. L. grew worse. Indeed so rapid was the disease, Ellen dared not leave her. Twice she despatched the child of a neighbor for a physician, as she found that her mother's wits began to wander. But, 'good Samaritans' are scarce in a large city, and the call of a ragged urchin rarely receive that attention, or are answered with that alacrity, as the calls of those whose appearance holds out a fee in prospective. Ellen, however, had, like the young in general, a better opinion of human nature. Always ready at the call of suffering, she imagined that others were like herself, and when the boy returned with the physician's answer—'Will be there directly'—she waited impatiently and listened to catch every footstep. But she waited in vain. No physician came. Her mother grew hourly worse. Ellen would have gone herself to get advice, but she was fearful of leaving her mother's bedside. The delirium increased, and required all her care and watchfulness. To add to her affliction, the delirium began to assume that peculiar type which we have described, and the already burdened heart of the poor girl received a new pang in the dislike her mother began to show toward her. For two days she was exposed to this new trial. On the evening of the second day, her feelings were wound up to such a pitch, that she determined to go in person in search of a physician. She got an occupant of another part of the house to attend her mother, while she went forth. It was a night of storms, as we have described. Inquiring of the few passengers she met, she received hasty directions, and applied to one and another of the medical profession. The first one to whom she applied, hardly allowing her to state her wants, pleaded a prior engagement; and from the second application she turned with almost a bursting heart as she received a flat refusal. It was now

getting late—the shops began to be closed, and the storm to beat more furiously. Wet, chilled, and almost in a state of despair, she sought still another—with what success the reader is already acquainted. She was fortunate in her choice, for Mr. Herbert, though young, was eminently qualified for his business.

Immediate measures were taken to combat the disease. After a copious depletion and the administration of sedatives, Ellen had the satisfaction of seeing her mother sink into a slumber—the first she had enjoyed for a long time. The physician, after doing all that the circumstances of the case demanded leaving directions, etc. for the night, made preparations to depart. Ellen left the bedside, and taking from the table drawer a purse, emptied its contents, consisting of a number of small silver pieces, with a few coppers, and tendered them to the doctor, remarking, with some trepidation, 'I know not your charge, sir—if you will be so kind as to call to-morrow, should not this be a sufficient fee, I will endeavor to obtain the exact amount.'

The physician stood for a moment regarding the speaker with an embarrassed air; then said, as he took the proffered change—'I shall certainly call to-morrow—your mother's case demands it. But—' and he hesitated, while a slight flush passed over his face—'but—I liked to have forgotten it—there is a recipe I wish to leave,' and he seated himself at the table, while Ellen returned to adjust something about the bed.

'There is the recipe,' said he, rising and pointing to a folded paper on the table. 'You will recollect to give the powder I have left every two hours, and the drops immediately. Good evening, Miss Lemand—I trust your mother will be better in the morning,' and he took his leave.

Ellen took the folded paper and put it in her purse—the sight of which caused her to sigh, for it was entirely empty—when she was induced to look at the recipe. She opened the paper—a bank note for a generous sum fell from the folds, and the astonished girl read, instead of a recipe—

*'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'*

#### CHAPTER III.

Truly is it more blessed to give than to receive, when the object of our charity is known to be deserving. Young Herbert felt it to be so on his return home. He knew that his patient was poor, for every thing he saw spoke of extreme poverty;—the humble dwelling—the scant furniture—the incoherent expressions of the sick woman, and if these were not enough, the purse with its few bits of copper and silver; and he knew she was worthy. The neatness and order of the room—the demeanor of the daughter—every thing around and about them convinced

him that his gift was well bestowed. What argument he found for this conclusion in the brilliant charms of Ellen—and they never shone so conspicuously as in her assiduous attention to her poor mother—is not for us to say. Suffice it, that when young Herbert laid his head on his pillow, he felt more satisfied with his evening's performance than if he had received a good fat fee from a purse-proud patient.

But how shall we describe the emotions of Ellen on learning the contents of the pretended recipe? It would be difficult to paint them in all their variations. How deep was her intense delight at the unexpected treasure coming in this, her sorest need, and then came other feelings. Should she accept this gift—from an entire stranger, too? Would it be proper? But had she a right to reject it? Was it not intended for her mother as well as herself? These and a thousand similar questions she put to herself, without, however, being able to solve them to her satisfaction. Never before did she so much desire her mother's counsel and advice. But when she thought over the situation in which she was placed, with no possibility of earning any thing by her own hands so long as her parent continued sick; when she thought of the extra expenses that must necessarily be incurred to provide articles for a sick room, and when she remembered, too, that she had not funds enough of her own to procure more than a week's provisions, small as were her wants—she decided at once to accept the gift.

We shall not attempt to analyze poor Ellen's feelings, as she sat that night by her mother's bedside, watching her uneasy slumbers. She thought—as it was natural that she should—much of her benefactor, but not in the light of a benefactor solely. There was an undercurrent of feeling, as she dwelt upon his personal appearance—his fine manly form—his expressive countenance, and his sympathetic tones, which she did not attempt to fathom. She suffered the stream to flow on its seductive brightness, without questioning its source or destination. Thus she passed a sleepless, but a wearisome night.

In the morning her mother's symptoms appeared much more favorable. Though wandering at times, she did not exhibit those distressing tokens which so alarmed Ellen the evening previous. It was with no small anxiety that she now awaited the expected visit of the physician. She listened with a throbbing heart to every approaching footstep—fearing, yet desiring, his presence. How should she acknowledge his donation—how express her gratitude? Should she be silent respecting it, or should she represent to him the true state of the case, and inform him that she should consider his gift as a loan, until she should be able to repay it? This last

thought struck her the most favorably, and she resolved to be governed by it. She had scarcely arrived at this conclusion, when a chaise rattled up to the door. Presently footsteps were heard on the stairs. She started, and the blood flushed her cheeks as some one rapped at the door. She opened it, and the young physician entered. He, too, was slightly embarrassed. Hastily paying his respects, he approached the bed, and inquired after his patient.

'My mother rested exceeding well last night,' said Ellen, 'and appears much better this morning—do you not think so, sir?'

'Why—yes—here is a surprising change?' said Herbert, as he felt Mrs. Lemand's pulse. 'I could not desire a more favorable case. But she requires great care and attention. Have you no friend, Miss Lemand, to assist you in the arduous duties of the sick chamber.'

'I *once* had not, Mr. Herbert; for the poor—those who most need the blessing of friendship—are generally deprived of it. When we were in prosperity, we reckoned friends; but when adversity came upon us, friendship took her departure.'

'It is a bitter lesson we all must sooner or later learn,' said Herbert, 'I was early taught it. When I most desired friends, I found them not; but when I needed not their aid, than they crowded around me. You said you *once* had no friend; have you been so fortunate as to secure one, Miss Lemand.'

Ellen felt her cheeks glow at this question. She hesitated a moment before replying; then with a throbbing heart, and a slightly trembling voice, she said—'He who remembers the widow in her affliction—who feels it is more blessed to give than to receive—has proved himself a friend, indeed!' and she fixed her gaze earnestly on the young physician.

He started at this delicate acknowledgment, and taking Ellen's hand with some warmth replied, 'Miss Lemand, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I thank God, who has given me the power, as well as the will, to do an act of kindness. But the trifle I left last evening must not be alluded to. We must be better friends—become better acquainted. You were not always as you now appear—you have seen better days. Am I too bold in thus seeking your confidence?'

Charles Herbert was a man of generous impulses. He walked through the world with a warmer heart, and had a more exalted opinion of human nature than most men. He was enthusiastic in his attachments. When once the fountain of feeling was stirred it generally overflowed. Left in early life an orphan, he had struggled on, unaided—buffeting the waves with a strong arm and determin-

ed heart. He entered on the study of medicine with barely a change of raiment—a poor student thirsting after knowledge. He overcame difficulties under which others would have sunk. He bore up against trials which would have crushed a less determined man. The elements of greatness were implanted in his nature, and all the array of adverse circumstances could not subdue them. His career was upward and onward, as will be the course of all those who have fixed an eye on the goal, resolved to win it. He was now, at an early age, in the enjoyment of the confidence of a numerous and wealthy class, reaping the harvest of his early sufferings. He ranked high as a young physician, and every day was adding new strength to his claims. Such was Charles Herbert; and, with this brief exposition of his character, the reader will not be surprised at his address to Ellen, and the sudden proffer of his friendship. With such a cast of mind, the barriers of restraint are soon broken down, and though Ellen shrunk with an instinctive delicacy from entering at once into a narration of her past history, she could not reject his friendly overture.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE winter months had passed away. Spring had come with her train of flowers and choir of singing birds, and nature was decked in her beautiful garments.

It was evening; and the streets of the city were thronged with a gay crowd, enjoying the delicious atmosphere and the rich splendor of night. Every moving thing seemed glad, and inkeeping with the freshness and beauty of the season. But, let us step apart from the crowd, and enter this genteel looking house. The rooms, if not richly, are handsomely furnished. Every thing gives evidence of being arranged by the hand of taste. Its occupants consist of two females. One a middle-aged lady, bearing the marks of recent illness, reclines on a sofa; the other, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, whose simple white dress sets off a form of exquisite proportions, is seated at a neat work-table, reading aloud in tones exceedingly rich and clear. The picture is one of pure, unadulterated comfort; and, were it not for the lines on the brow of the elder—those legacies of care and suffering—one would suppose that sorrow had never shaded so fair and bright a scene.

'It is a sad story, mother,' said the young lady, as she finished and laid aside the book, 'and it bears a painful similitude to our own dark history.'

'Without its happy termination, Ellen,' replied the mother. 'Perhaps, if there had been a good physician nigh, the story would have not closed so darkly,' and Mrs. Lemand fixed her eyes with an arch meaning on her

daughter. A smile and a sigh struggled on the lips of Ellen.

'Our obligations to Mr. Herbert are many and great,' said she, while a faint blush, stole over her features. 'Had it not been for him we might still have been the occupants of a hovel, and dependant on the precarious means by which we so lately were supported.'

'You have often heard, my daughter, that God never resorts to ordinary means to accomplish His ends, and that He often causes good to spring from, what we in our finite judgment, call an evil. Instance, my late sickness. To that we are indebted for the acquaintance of Charles Herbert—by him we learned the existence of that letter, the receipt of which has worked the change in our situation.'

'True,' said Ellen, 'but we might have received the letter without the doctor's aid.'

'We might, my dear, but'—continued her mother, who never neglected an opportunity to enforce a useful lesson—'I had rather ascribe the changes that have taken place to a wise Providence than to a blind chance.' And it was in this devout reliance that Mrs. Lemand found strength to bear patiently the ills of life. She had been schooled in adversity, as we have seen; but a submissive, docile spirit had shielded her in the hour of trial. '*Thy will be done,*' were the magic words that buoyed her life-bark, when tost on a tempestuous sea. It formed the burden of a favorite song of hers, written by a friend of her husband and presented to her.

When sailing o'er life's changeful sea,  
Should storms my bark assail,  
Oh, may I put my trust in Thee,  
Whose power controls the gale;  
And though opposed may be the wind,  
My course but just begun,  
Let this but harbor in my mind—  
'*THY WILL BE DONE.*'

Though waves around dash high and dark,  
And burst upon its deck;  
Dooming my frail and struggling bark  
To early, sudden wreck;  
Though cloud on cloud their forms should rear,  
And shroud entire Hope's sun,  
Still may I say without a tear,  
'*THY WILL BE DONE!*'

Where'er through life my path may lead,  
In sunshine or in gloom;  
Though thorns should every step impede—  
How dark soe'er my doom;  
Oh never may I dare contend  
Against the Holy One!  
But whisper, as I lowly bend,  
'*THY WILL BE DONE.*'

But how are we to account for this happy change in the circumstances of Mrs. Lemand? To enable the reader to understand it fully, he must go back with us to the sick chamber, which we left rather abruptly. We mentioned that Mr. Herbert took a deep interest in the welfare of the family, and made an offer of his friendship. He was one of those characters with whom one feels at



home on a short acquaintance. We have all met with such in our intercourse with the world—men who win our confidence almost at first. Strangers though they are, the heart as it were, goes out to meet them, and by a sort of spiritual magnetism, the affections become cemented in the solid bonds of friendship.

Mrs. Lemand's sickness continued for some weeks, and her recovery was slow. In the frequent visits of Herbert—and they were not all professional—he learned the history of his patient. This knowledge added to the interest he felt for the mother and daughter; and he determined in his own mind to restore them, if possible, to their former comfortable situation. We will not say that it was friendship alone that prompted him. If he had another motive, however, it will appear.

One morning, about six weeks after his introduction, he called rather early and unexpectedly. He apologized for his unwonted visit, by stating that he hoped he was the bearer of good tidings. Mrs. Lemand, who had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, smilingly remarked—

'If your tidings are *very* good, as a judicious physician you will break them to us gently, for we have been so long used to adversity, that, like light to the recovered blind, sudden joy might be injurious.'

'One who can bear suffering so well, need not fear such a cause,' said Herbert. 'But I am as much in the dark as yourself—here is what will solve the mystery;' and he handed Mrs. L. a packet, sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post mark. On looking over the papers,' continued he, 'I noticed an old advertisement, stating that there was a valuable letter in the Post Office, directed to Mrs. Ellen Lemand. I took the liberty of calling for it—now for the mystery!'

Mrs. Lemand hastily broke the seal, and glanced over the letter. It fell from her hands, and the tears sprang to her eyes. 'This is indeed good news'—she exclaimed in an excited voice—'unexpected news? Read the letter, Ellen—aloud, that I may not be mistaken—that our friend may share with us in joy—if, indeed, I do not dream!'

Ellen took up the letter, and read as follows;

Weymouth, England, January 17, 13—

MY DEAR MADAM—It becomes my duty, as executor to my lamented friend, your late uncle, William Rakeby, Esq. who died on the 30 ult. to inform you that he has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to you the sum of £5000, as a testimony of respect for your late mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Thorndike.

I am, madam, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY JAMESON.

'This is indeed good news!' said Herbert, springing from his seat and clasping a hand

of the mother and daughter. 'Permit me to give you joy—heart-felt joy, on the occasion!'

The reader must imagine the feelings of Mrs. Lemand and Ellen—thus raised, as they were, from the depths of poverty to independence. The legacy was in due time received from England. Mrs. Lemand procured another residence, and with a truly grateful heart, prepared to enjoy the blessings so unexpectedly allotted her.

Physician's horses have a wonderful faculty, it is said, of remembering the houses of their master's patients. At any rate, for a long time the doctor would have to pull the off rein, when passing by the obscure street, down which the animal had daily been accustomed to trot. Nor was it long before his nag was wont to prick up his ears and pass with a brisker gait up a certain other street; for, with an instinctive sagacity, the noble beast knew that a longer call than usual was made on a certain *patient*, in a certain house. Indeed, at a particular hour of the day, he invariably bent his steps to that quarter. So accustomed had he been to the practice, that one day, at the usual hour, he started off on his own account with an empty chaise. When the doctor found the horse was missing, knowing, perhaps, his nature, better than the groom, he did not trouble himself about the elopement, but proceeded to call upon the aforesaid patient. There stood the animal, safe and sound, leisurely pawing the ground as usual. Herbert parried the joke good humoredly played upon him by Mrs. Lemand, as he best could. It was a marvel, to her, she said, that the doctor's horse should have such a liking to that particular post before her door—and she appealed to Ellen to solve the mystery.

This very act of the horse hastened an event which his master had long brooded over. When Ellen was appealed to, she left the room in some confusion. Her mother continued to banter Herbert, declaring she should not consider herself bound to pay a fee for every visit the horse took it into his head to make. She should surely protest the bill, if the doctor charged for every call.

'This is what troubles me,' said Herbert, with more emotion than the occasion seemed to require—'I fear you will not allow my charges. Yet—' and he hesitated in some confusion—'yet—madam—I will make bold to present the bill, and he seated himself at the table, and scribbled on a piece of paper as follows—

'Mrs. Ellen Lemand to Dr. Charles Herbert—Dr.

For—family visits, \$ — —  
Received payment in full by her daughter's hand.

CHARLES HERBERT,

'If this is allowed, said he, as he handed Mrs. L. the paper, 'my hopes are sealed.'

She glanced her eye over it, and then, with a flushed countenance, and quivering lip, took the pen and wrote on the back of the paper—

'ACCEPTED, WITH ELLEN'S CONSENT!'

And Ellen? Why, she was a dutiful child, and—ratified the bargain!

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From 'Incidents of Travel' by an American.

### Ruins of Ancient Samaria.

LEAVING the valley, we turned up to the right, and, crossing among the mountains, in two hours came in sight of the ruins of Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, standing upon a singularly bold and insulated mountain, crowned with ruins. The capital of the ten tribes of Israel, where Ahab built his palace of Ivory; where, in the days of Jeroboam, her citizens sat in the lap of luxury, saying to their masters, 'come and let us drink,' destroyed by the Assyrians, but rebuilt and restored to more than its original splendor by Herod, now lies in the state foretold by the prophet Amos, 'her inhabitants and their posterity are taken away.' The ancient Samaritans are all gone, and around the ruins of their palaces and temples are gathered the miserable huts of the Fellahs. Climbing up the precipitous ascent of the hill, we came to the ruins of a church, or tower, or something else, built by our old friend the Lady Helena, and seen to great advantage from the valley below. The Lady Helena, however, did not put together all this stone and mortar for the picturesque alone; it was erected over, and in honor of the prison where John the Baptist was beheaded, and his grave. I knew that this spot was guarded with jealous care by the Arabs, and that none but Mussulmans were permitted to see it; but this did not prevent my asking admission, and when the lame sheik said that none could enter without a special order from the pasha, Paul rated him soundly for thinking we would be such fools as to come without one; and handing him our traveling firman, the sheik kissed the seal, and, utterly unable to determine for himself whether the order was to furnish me with horses or admit me to the mosque, said he knew he was bound to obey that seal, and do whatever the bearer told him, and hobbled off to get the key.

Leaving our shoes at the door, in one corner of the enclosure, we entered a small mosque with white-washed walls, hung with ostrich eggs, clean mats for the praying Musselmans, a sort of pulpit, and the usual recess of the Kebla. In the center of the stone floor was a hole opening to the prison below, and, on

going outside and descending a flight of steps, we came to the prison chamber, about eight paces square; the door now broken and leaning against the wall, like the doors in the sepulchres of the kings at Jerusalem, was a slab cut from the solid stone, and turning on a pivot. On the opposite side were three small holes, opening to another chamber, which was the tomb of the Baptist. I looked in, but all was dark; the Mussulman told me that the body only was there; that the prophet was beheaded at the request of the wife of a king, and I forget where he said the head was. This may be the prison where the great forerunner of the Lord was beheaded; at least no man can say that it was not; and leaving it with the best disposition to believe. I ascended to the ruined palace of Herod, his persecutor and murderer. Thirty or forty columns were still standing, the monuments of the departed greatness of its former tenant. On one side towards the northeast, where are the ruins of a gate, there is a double range of Ionic columns. I counted more than sixty, and, from the fragments I was constantly meeting, it would seem as if a double colonnade had extended all around.

The palace of Herod, stands on a table of land on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such was the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wilderness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seeming smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond, stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits; there day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper 'to his lords, and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;' here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, 'danced before him,' and while the feast and dance went on, the 'head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger and given to the damsel.' And Herod and all his lords are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; and oh, what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness! a fellow was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me they were ruins of the palace of a king—he

believed of the Christians: and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace knew not the name of the haughty Herod.

### MISCELLANY.

From the Baltimore Monument.

#### False Pride.

It has always been a matter of regret with me that false pride could not be made like theft, a criminal offence. It is the parent of about as many crimes as any other vice; for such I hold it to be, at least one description of it. Where it is a weakness it is much to be pitied, and generally leads to impropriety. How many honest men have been made scoundrels by the false pride of a foolish wife and extravagant family. It is a compound of ignorance, deception and envy, and the world is full of it. So long as it operates upon individuals alone, it was a matter of trifling consideration; but strange as it may appear, its influence strikes at the very root of a virtuous and flourishing community. Like intemperance it is assuming the shape of a national calamity, and merits the severe reflection of every reformer. Thousands who have gone forth as armed knights upon a crusade against manifest evils, have, in themselves, been slaves to this insidious enemy! Self-love may prompt a man to do a good action, but false pride has never; it is incompatible with its nature.—In our own country, its chief mischief consists in making labor a degradation, thus striking at the foundation of our prosperous condition as a people. There never was an age, perhaps, where so much scheming was resorted to, to avoid hard work; no period that could exhibit so many Jerry Diddlers above stairs and below, or manifest such a wild spirit of speculation, as the present. The rich man of to-day, is the Lazarus of to-morrow! Fortunes are staked upon the rise and fall of stocks, as upon the cast of a die. Cities are created by fraudulence! In the morning all eyes are cast upon the master spirit of enterprise, and the evening finds him a disgraced man within the walls of a prison.

Ingenuity itself is thunderstruck at the countless methods adopted to obtain *soft hands*. Why does this disposition so extensively prevail? Certainly not for the security of happiness, for it is fruitful with poignant anxiety—not for health for it frequently enervates and destroys. Sir Walter Scott, I think, says no man ought to want in this country, who can buy a hatchet and fell a tree: consequently, the remark being true, it cannot be from necessity! False pride

whispers 'it is not genteel to work.' How painfully is this illustrated.

Does the successful merchant make his son a mechanic? very seldom. Does the professional man make his son a mechanic? more seldom still. But does not the more fortunate mechanic make his son the guardian of cloths and calicoes? Why is this? is the yard stick more honorable than the jack plane? the goose quill more dignified than the type? Look back twenty or fifty years, and behold the barefooted adventurer, at the present time rolling in wealth! or spending his annual income of some three thousand dollars per annum in manufacturing *ladies* of his daughters! Does he teach them the usual rudiments of housewifery? Very rarely is it because the healthful exercise of domestic duties is disgraceful? Oh no!—False pride says 'it would be ungenteel for ladies to work'—as if it would tarnish the fair and delicate fingers that bring such sweet sounds from the piano, to dust the gorgeous instrument itself.

How supremely ridiculous is this illegitimate pride! Thousands of daughters whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable—would feel insulted, if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They would more likely prate, 'about good society,' 'mixed company,' and the dignity of their ancestors! A few years more roll round, and the thrifty but imprudent parent dies; and then comes the scramble for some ten or twelve divisions of his hard earned estate. How small does a large fortune appear when apportioned to numerous heirs. The daughters must of course marry gentlemen, for pride dictates it: and the gentlemen must of course squander their patrimony. And what has the parent bequeathed to society and his country? Children raised in idleness; without the stimulant to add one iota to the general, substantial prosperity of the community.

Can there be a doubt but what honest labor is becoming daily more and more stigmatised? and what follows? A grovelling imitation from the cellar to the garret! A spirit of extravagance in which the most unprincipled means are resorted to! Let it proceed with the same rapid march that it has commenced, and it will be a stigma to earn your 'bread by the sweat of your brow.' Infect the country—the farmer with the same poison that flows through the population of the large cities, and you make the country of Franklin a parallel to that of Montezuma!

With us labor is every thing! It is more precious than the mines of Mexico: more valuable than countless wealth. It is not only the foundation, but the main arch of our confederacy; unite it with education and they



form a tower of strength upon which our liberties may rest forever. The priceless metals of the earth may exalt a nation to the highest attitude of transient glory, but like brilliant phenomena that illuminates the heavens, they dazzle but for a moment and as is the case with Spain, sink into darkness and gloom. Not so with the labor of man—its glory is centred in the earth, and we behold in it the strides of internal improvement—the success of invention—the perfection of mechanical skill, and the inculcation of those exalted moral principles which give durability to our institutions, and raise mankind in their own nature and existence. Industry is the grand lever upon which this nation must depend for its continued growth, and indolence does not more retard its usefulness than false pride does to make it into disrepute—just as the turning a single valve makes powerless the mightiest engine.

### The Mother.

It was midnight! by a solitary lamp, a mother sat watching near the cradle of her only child, whose low moans pierced her very heart, and whose quick heaving breath seemed the prelude to approaching dissolution. No words can describe the anguish of the mother. This infant was her idol, and it was about to be taken from her—it was her *all*, and she must resign it. Now with clasped hands, and streaming eyes raised to heaven, now bending low that she might hear if it yet breathed, the miserable mother had passed many hours of intense agony. She dropped upon her knees and breathed forth a prayer to heaven—such a prayer as none but a mother's heart can inspire—that the God of mercy would spare her child—that the terrible malady might be removed, and his lovely eyes once more open upon the light of day! The mother's prayer was heard. It was the will of God to restore the babe. The crisis of its illness was past, and the mother, wild with joy, and deeply impressed with gratitude, again looked on it with *hope*.

Years glided away—the boy grew in health and beauty, and the widowed mother rejoiced in her son. She hoarded her scanty pittance for his use, the idol of her bosom should feel neither privation nor sorrow. For his sake she toiled. She procured for him the means of instruction and neglected no counsel to inspire his young mind with sentiments of religion and virtue. Of her own wants she thought little. Her pleasure consisted in seeing him happy; for his sake she *lived*, and for his sake she would willingly have *died*. As time rolled on, the mother's heart had not been free from anxious fears and forebodings on account of her dear son. The boy loved her, but he was wild and reckless. He would escape from the vigilance of her

careful love; and she knew that gay society had more charms for him than the solitary home of his mother. She *feared*, but as yet she knew not *all*.

Twenty years had passed since that terrible night she had kept an almost hopeless vigil by his cradle, when her prayer of agony was heard, and the babe restored to her hopes. It was again midnight; again the mother kept her tearful vigil, but not by the bed of sickness. Her boy had become irregular in his habits—he heeded not the counsel or the tears of his mother, and night after night she awaited his return with trembling fears. These watchful cares were more dreadful than those which she had feared would be the last by his cradle. Her prayers were still offered up to heaven that he might be restored—that he might be *saved*, not from death but that worse than death—from wickedness. A knock came to the door—the mother flew to admit her boy. There was his lifeless body, borne by two of his companions. She fell senseless on the ground. Her maternal anxieties were hushed for a while in a death-like insensibility; but she recovered to hear the dreadful tale that in a quarrel with his dissolute associates, her son had received a blow which had caused his death! What tidings for a mother! she saw him laid in the grave, where she shortly followed him. Grief for his untimely and dreadful fate shortened the life which had been devoted to him who had brought her with sorrow to the tomb. How many mothers have reason (through a different cause) to use the exclamation which Miss Moore puts in the mouth of the Jewish matron, why was my prayer accepted? Why did heaven in anger hear me when I asked a son?

### Wife Lost.

SCENE IN A STEAMBOAT—ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.—'Which is the captain of this boat?' inquired a tall, athletic man, as he came up from the gentleman's cabin with great precipitancy.

'That gentleman yonder,' exclaimed a bystander.

'Are you the captain, sir?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where is my wife?'

'Indeed I don't know, sir—I've not seen her, that I know.'

'Now, captain, this is too bad. I came on board this boat last night, and paid you six dollars passage for myself and wife—and I should like to know where my wife has been put.'

'Have you been in the ladies' cabin?'

'Yes—but she's not there.'

'Shall I have the pleasure of the lady's name, sir?'

'Mrs. Mirah Smith, the wife of Jerome V. Smith, your humble servant.'

'Marr, (to the chambermaid,) is Mrs. Mirah Smith in the ladies' cabin.'

'No, sir—I've inquired and she's not there.'

'There—I told you so,' said Mr. Smith in much uneasiness.

'Captain,' said a wag standing by, 'suppose John should ring the bell all through the boat, and say—Mrs. Mirah Smith, who came on board last night, cannot be found.'

'That's a good idea,' echoed a hundred voices at once.'

So John—a cream-colored Leon, with an eye like Iago, set his bell agoing, crying aloud at every interim—'Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith. Any person who knows where she is, will please hand her up to the captain's office, for the benefit of her disconsolate husband.'

John bawled through the boat somewhat to the amusement of the passengers, and finally reached the upper deck, when, in passing the state rooms, in a sort of desperation for his want of success, he raised his voice to the stentorian pitch of a Knox—'Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith!'—when the fair lady rushed out of K. evidently disturbed in her slumbers, with —'who says I am lost? Here am I—where's Jerome?'

It is needless to say that this gave a very pleasant turn to the whole affair—and the captain (good soul) escaped the charge of stealing a man's wife.

A FARMER once hired a Vermonter to assist him in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer chastised him and told him always to take the butt end.—Dinner came and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, 'always take the butt end.'

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. O. G. Portsmouth, O. \$1.00; H. L. Gt. Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; C. A. Shelby, N. Y. \$1.00; N. D. jr. New-York, \$1.00; C. B. S. Morrisville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Yorkshire, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. Freehold, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cranbrook, Mich. \$3.00; G. W. P. Kelloggville, N. Y. \$1.25; P. R. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. jr. Canaan Ct. \$2.00; L. D. W. Perkinsville, Vt. \$3.00; C. C. W. Springport, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Naples, N. Y. \$3.00.

### DIED.

In this city, on Sunday, the 1st inst. after a lingering illness, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Ralph Wheeler.

On the 27th ult. Jane, daughter of Joseph and Mary Adams, aged 3 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Rebecca Bolles, in the 72d year of her age.

On the 30th ult. Mr. Lemuel Sears, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Newbury, in the 38th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. Mr. Peter Carroll, in the 21st year of his age.

At New-York, on the 23d of Dec. Mrs. P. Ward, niece to Mrs. Younglove, in the 45th year of her age.

At Claverack, on Sunday the 1st inst. Robert Henry, eldest son of the late Robert Le Roy Livingston, Esq. in the 24th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Friendship.

BEAUTY is but an idle toy,  
The plaything of an hour,  
Pleasure an unsubstantial joy,  
As trifles, Health and Power.

But Friendship is a holy thing,  
A pure, bright gem from heaven;  
The sweetest, most enduring bliss  
To favored mortals given.

Friendship enhances all our bliss,  
In sorrow calms our fears,  
In youth restrains our follies wild,  
And smoothes the path of years.

When 'neath afflictions heavy stroke,  
And when our dearest ties are riven,  
'Tis Friendship still that cheers us on,  
And points the path to heaven.

HARRIETTA.

From the Lady's Book.

## The Vesper Bell.

'At the sound of the bell which calls to Vespers, all, whatever be their employment or situation at the time, kneel, and offer their evening prayers.'—*Italian Sketches.*

The glorious tints of a sunset sky!  
Bright clouds on the brow of even,  
Are floating like banners free and high,  
Flung out from the wall of heaven.

On palace-roof, and on turret gray,  
Is blazing a flood of light,  
While below on field and inland bay  
Lie the shadows of the night.

The gushing voice of the garden fount,  
As its waters feebly fall,  
Comes up through the flowers, and o'er the mount,  
Like the music of childhood's call.

Zephyr has folded his light wing up,  
And slumbers on land and sea,  
And a hush is down on the village group,  
On the hill-side and the lea.

Over the blue and the waveless flood,  
The glee of gondolier comes not,  
And echo has fled to the deep, dark wood,  
And sleeps in some fairy grot.

A blessed spirit is brooding o'er  
The earth, and her bright, glad things,  
Like that which fell on the world of yore,  
With the hovering of angel wings.

There thrills one sound on the startled ear—  
'Tis the peal of the Vesper Bell;  
With a tone we look to the sky to hear—  
It swells over hill and dell.

It summons to prayer: and none may fail  
To bow at its signal tone,  
The worshipper in the crowded hall  
The monk in his cell alone.

It summons to prayer: and a lordly train  
Is bent in the garnished room,  
And loud and high rolls the choral strain  
Through the minster's awful gloom.

It summons to prayer: and hard-kneed men  
Bow down in forest glade,  
And in the depths of the mountain glen,  
Where the cold rocks throw their shade,

The king from his lofty throne comes down,  
And aside his scepter lays,  
And unto the lord of cowl and crown,  
His evening worship pays.

With his bare knee on the naked turf,  
Muttering the words priest-given,  
Oh, up from the peeled and mated serf,  
Goes a fearful prayer to Heaven.

The maiden decking for revel gay,  
Drops the green and bright-wreathed flower;  
But who shall tell of the thoughts that stray,  
And the words that mock the hour.

Where the vine its trellised branches fling,  
And the olive's leaves are spread,  
Is bowed in meekness a peasant ring—  
Dark locks with the hoary head.

Awoke from the spirit-land of dreams,  
Where he had been roaming long,  
With a shaded eye where Genius gleams,  
And a burst of hallowed song:

The poet knelt till the falling dew  
Lay damp on his ample brow,  
And the host of heaven their glory threw  
On the streams that slept below.

The Christain alone to his closet turns,  
And, bowing his forehead there,  
With a trembling lip, and a heart that burns,  
He wrestles with God in prayer.

Oh! many a prayer has now its birth—  
But in which does the soul take part?  
Oh, many a word does the tongue give forth—  
But which gush warm from the heart?

J. H. KIMBALL.

From the New-York American.

## To S. P. T.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

'SHADOWS and clouds are o'er me,  
Thou art not here, my bride;  
The billows dash before me  
Which bear me from thy side.  
On lowering wave benighted  
Dim sets the weary day;  
Thou art not here my plighted,  
To smile the storm away.'

Where nymphs of Ocean slumber,  
I strike the measured stave;  
With wild and mournful number,  
To charm the wandering wave;  
Hark! to the words of sorrow  
Along the fading main!

'Tis night—but will the morrow  
Restore that smile again?

'Mid curtained dreams descending,  
Thy gentle form I trace;  
Dimly with shadows blending,  
I gaze upon thy face;  
Thy voice comes o'er me gladly,  
Thy hand is on my brow:  
I wake—the waves roar madly,  
Beneath the plunging prow.

'Speed on thou surging billow,  
O'er ocean speed away  
And bear unto her pillow  
The burden of my lay.

Invest her visions brightly,  
With Passion's murmured word,  
And bid her bless him nightly,—  
Him of the lute and sword.

'And her of dreams unclouded,  
With tongue of lisping tale;  
Whose eye I left enshrouded,  
'Neath slumbers misty veil;  
When morn at length discloses  
The smile I may not see,  
Bear to her cheek of roses  
A Father's kiss for me.'

## The Playing Child.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

'Tired of play! Tired of play!  
What hast thou done this livelong day?  
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;  
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;  
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,  
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,  
Twilight gathers, and day is done—  
How hast thou spent it—restless one?  
'Playing! But what hast thou done beside  
To tell thy mother at even tide?  
What promise of morn is left unbroken?  
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?  
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?  
How with thy faults has duty striven?  
What hast thou learned by field and hill,  
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

'There will come an eve to a longer day,  
That will find thee tired—but not with play!  
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,  
With drooping limbs, and an aching brow,  
And wish the shadows would faster creep,  
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.  
Well were it then if thine aching brow  
Were as free from sin and shame as now!  
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell  
A tale like this, of a day spent well.  
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—  
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—  
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,  
And humbled thy heart with penitence—  
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee  
With their holy meanings eloquently—  
It every creature hath won thy love,  
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,  
If never a sad, low-spoken word  
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—  
Then, when the night steals on as now,  
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,  
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,  
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.'

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